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THE ESSENTIAL.

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed!
What for class or what for clan?
Heir of love, and joy, and weal:
Heir of love, and joy, and weal:
Who is high, and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky, and sea
Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe of State?
It is the soul, it is the soul!
What for crown or what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast:
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope,
One God and one humanity.

ROBERT LOVEMAN, in *London's Magazine*.

The Passing Show.

BY IGNOTUS.

The *Herald*, of June 22nd, came out with a flaming Coronation edition, in which everything was to be State Banquet, embroidered robes, world's power style. But alas for jingoism, and the stage glamour of pageants and banquets—across the lights and flowers and gold plate, above the sounds of toasts and bombastic speeches, up through the vaulted roofs of Hall and Abbey comes the cry of the hungry, the curse of the disinherited, the DEED of the desperate, and the coronation number has to tell how the starving folk in Glasgow were mocked by the revelries in the West End of London; and round the Docks 3000 seamen on strike strove despairingly to prevent scabs from breaking up their industrial fight. The police were naturally there in force to protect the property of the masters; while the firemen were called out and ordered to drench with the hose, and assault and disperse their fellow-workers. At Hull there was bloodshed; but the seamen of the White Star line have already gained a victory as the result of the strike, while the owners of the Cunard liners have agreed to pay 10s a month extra. Even in the midst of the feast, the handwriting is on the wall, and the glory of the privileged is departing to make way for justice to the hungry and outcast who clamor at the gate.

Class consciousness is simply a recognition of the fact on the part of the working-man that his interest is identical with the interest of every other workingman. Class consciousness points out the necessity for working class action, economic and political. —Debs.

Accumulation of wealth at one pole is, therefore, at the same time accumulation of misery, agony of toil, slavery, ignorance, brutality, mental degradation, at the opposite pole, i.e., on the side of the class that produces its own product in the form of capital. —Marx.

Speaking in London, on "A Decade of Progress in N.S.W.," Mr. McGowan said he "attached the greatest importance to the increase in the exports of produce." He was satisfied that in ten years, N.S.W. would produce 100 million lbs. of butter, and 10 million lbs. of cheese. And the capitalists will export the first-grade butter and cheese, and sell the seconds in the local market at a better price than the best is sold for abroad. Not only so, but the workers who produce all the butter and cheese, will not share in the profit, but will be compelled to work for about one-third of what they earn, or three times as long and hard as they should do. A fine prospect for a Labor leader to look forward to.

Capitalist production, therefore, under its aspect of a continuous connected process, of a process of reproduction, produces not only commodities, not only surplus value, but it also produces and reproduces the capitalist relation; on the one side the capitalist, on the other the wage-laborer. —Marx.

No man can serve both capital and labor at the same time. —Debs.

On the level plains simple mounds look like hills; and the imbecile flatness of the present bourgeoisie is to be measured by the attitude of its great intellects. —Karl Marx.

"Gael Life," by Rebecca Ross, is an indictment of our present prison system, by a woman who has been crushed under the senseless and unscientific wheel, known as prison discipline. It is necessary and useful that the voice of the ex-prisoner should be heard from time to time telling of the facts that go on behind the walls, and which are in direct contradiction to the fairy tales told by too many prison governors and officials to those who seek for one-sided information. More than 200 suffragettes in England can testify from personal experience as to the abuses going on in Holloway and in several of our other English prisons; while one at least of the present Labor Ministry knows the wrong side of the locked door of the prison cell; it is to be hoped that the knowledge there gained is being put to humanitarian account in the present New South Wales scheme of prison reform. One item only I will quote to show up the hypocrisy of those who urge women under the present capitalist conditions to become mothers. In speaking of the unnecessary cruelty imposed on prisoners by the semi-starvation methods employed, the writer says of the day when she left Darlinghurst for Bathurst: "I had had a breakfast of honey and a piece of dry bread at Darlinghurst in the morning, had eaten my mutton chop sandwich before midday, and the journey over the mountains had made me intensely hungry long before I reached Bathurst. Nevertheless, hungry I was, and hungry I remained till next morning."

I learned that this "go-to-bed-hungry" rule was practised on all new arrivals, whatever distance they had travelled and under whatever conditions they entered the gaol. Two women who came whilst I was there were in ill-health, soon to become mothers. They received no more merciful treatment. One of them begged for something to eat, and all night we heard her calling for "just a crust of bread," but she pleaded to ears deafened by red tape. Even in the case of a woman who arrived at the gaol with a baby two months old the same "humane" treatment was meted out, but the child suffered perhaps even more than the mother, and wailed pitifully all night with cold and hunger. Such treatment as this can only be described as monstrous. If the mothers must be punished, why punish the innocent children, born or about to be born? We hope that the Acting Premier, who speaks of "reform," will make himself fully acquainted with all the details of the treatment of prisoners, will allow discrimination in the cases of infants accompanying their mothers, and by putting an end to the barbarities of red tape, will insist on humane treatment to mothers, and will see that the system really does help to elevate and not debase.

The *Social-Democrat* for May 15th has an excellent article from the pen of E. J. Gould on "The Essential Socialism." E. J. Gould is well-known as a speaker and writer for the Ethical Society, and as a sympathetic and wide-minded trainer of the young. His work has been carried on of late years in Leicester as an organizer for the Ethical Society, and it is during that time that his grasp on essential Socialist truth has been tightened. It may be that the back-sliding of the Labor Parliamentary representative of that town (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald) may have taught him a lesson in the non-essentials of Socialism. At any rate, he now speaks out simply and trenchantly; tosses aside "problems and program"; and points out that "The Essential Socialism is a very simple policy, and is merely the public ownership of the vital industries." That is to say, it involves the public ownership of all such means and instruments as are needed to produce, for the whole body of citizens, food, clothing, dwellings, and the apparatus of lighting, locomotion, sanitation, etc. He then passes in review the great political, military, educational, and religious problems, and shows in a few brief sentences how none of these, important as they are, each in their own way, have anything to do with the essentials of Socialist demand. For "Socialism, strictly considered, is neutral to such questions, and organizes the workers, operates the machines, and produces goods for use and not for profit with a purpose, and with means that are entirely economic. To say sooth, I think posterity will look upon Socialism, even when practically universal, as quite a minor factor in the vast polity of our planet; for humanity will then have,

constructed, on this necessary material foundation, splendid and far-reaching cultures of art and joy and nobleness." This is straight and good talk; and for the taking over of the vital industries for public ownership and use, Industrial Unionism will be a far more effective weapon than "Labor" Parliamentary action, because the last thing that Labor Politicians desire is the Industrial Revolution.

In South Africa, according to the *Union of Labor*, men, women, and children are working in the tailoring trade for 20 hours a day at 6d an hour. Dressmakers and milliners are at work until 10.30 p.m. Workers employed by the Government in relaying the Eendekuil section of the railway are paid three shillings a day. Giving evidence before the recent Industries Commission at Capetown, Captain Burnmeister said that the 40 women employed in his candle-making industry live very well on their wage of 33s 6d a month. "These women were paid the value of their work as other people were." But another capitalist witness admitted that "the percentage of wages on the average was one-third of the price of the finished article," while another witness under examination stated that the wages paid represented from 20 to 25 per cent of the cost of production. We Socialists have been telling the workers that for some time, but it has not yet got hold of their consciousness. Perhaps now, however, that the truth is uttered by the enemy, the workers of the world will begin to set their industrial house in order, and claim the full reward of their industry.

That one at least of the Labor Ministry is busy is evidenced by the fact that "Mr. Treble is on the Tweed fighting the tick." The danger incurred in this "class struggle" is evidenced by the speech of Alderman Lockett, President of the local Labor League, who spoke of Mr. Treble as "the most courageous Minister for Agriculture the State had known." That it requires more courage to fight the tick than to fight the enemy of the daily press was shown in Mr. Treble's reply, when he acknowledged "that the press since Labor took office had treated them better than they expected." Of course the press treats them well, these courageous "Labor" politicians who can fight ticks, but can't fight capitalism. The press, before the present Ministry took office, thought in their innocence and ignorance that there was a heaven of Socialism hidden in the lump of Labor. But when they found that Labor "in power" was made of the same unleavened lump as Liberalism, or any other capitalist "ism," why they have been singing anthems and hymns ancient and modern ever since in praise of the wise, moderate, statesmanlike and safe "Labor" men, who, having got into power, spend their time in inventing legislation for co-ercing trade unions, and prove their courage by "fighting tick."

Archbishop Kelly, if he knows nothing personally of "the joys of poverty," can at least talk about them, and get them advertised in the daily press. Those who are desirous of drawing up a list of "the joys of poverty" we would refer to the Archbishop's speech this week at the Poor School, Kent-street. Item 1. "The poor will die a lot happier than the rich!" Item 2. "They live a great deal happier than the rich." Item 3. "God gives the poor plenty of children." We feel sure that after reading this list of advantages that the poor possess over the rich there will be quite a rush on the part of millionaires and capitalists to unload at the feet of Archbishop Kelly, and join the ranks of the "privileged poor," who live and die so happily, and have a yearly present from God of another little mouth to fill. The strange part about the whole matter is that the bishops and archbishops who talk like this in Kent-street, don't live up to their talk. We have never noticed any glaring signs of poverty about church dignitaries, and we feel convinced their education cost more than 40s per annum, which is the sum Kelly thinks is sufficient for the needs of the poor, because it "proves that Christian charity can work miracles." Then what about the other test that "God gives the poor plenty of children?" How do the church dignitaries stand in that respect? But perhaps it's as well not to pursue the subject, which has ramifications peculiar to itself! Anyhow, the Archbishop knows all about it because he reads "the literature of

the day," and advises others to read it in order to find out for themselves that what he said was true. One remark of his, as quoted by the *Herald*, was "Jesus Christ said you will always have the poor." We much doubt J.C. having said this, because we can't find it in any of the Gospels; but if he did say it, why then, all we have to remark is that it is up to the "poor" to prove, by getting access to the means of life, that J.C. was a false prophet, and didn't know as much as did Karl Marx.

The Sydney *Daily Telegraph* on coronation morning announced that, in honor of the "great event," the Benevolent Society of New South Wales had made provision to give some token to each of its "dependents." Among these tokens rosettes and Union Jacks figured prominently. One hundred and seventy babies under twelve months old were to be decorated with a special medal pendant, on a red, white, and blue ribbon! Each of two hundred families was to receive a Union Jack! There was also to be a special food allowance. These "Remembrances for the poor" would cost not a tithe of the money being spent in this city alone on utterly useless decorations, not a tithe of the money spent on La France roses for the great London banquet, not a tithe of the money spent in the scramble for meaningless coronation honors. But the poor workers are expected to be grateful for a day's extra food allowance, given as a favor, for a few trumpery medals and Union Jacks, given to stimulate loyalty to a system that preys on them and keeps them degraded and ignorant. When will the workers realize that it's their wealth that is squandered by the rich, their money that helps to light up cities and provides banquets for idlers, while they the workers too often fail to keep well enough to go on with the daily grind? How long will they continue to accept rosettes and Union Jacks instead of the full product of their labor.

Under the heading, "The Poor and the Church," we have received from "Jayem" the following:—

Is it possible that a clergyman of any church can honestly believe that in the 20th century poverty is a thing to be desired, also praised by the church? Yet in Sydney last week one of the black coated brigade told a gathering of presumably indigent persons that the church makes the poor "rich in the kingdom of Heaven," and that "they live on this earth a great deal happier than the rich." However, the good man took up a collection and £11 were collected in the room. Thus he made the poor poorer to that amount. And God gives the poor plenty of children," also remarked this sacerdotal person, who, no doubt, thought he was telling glad tidings. And he went on with this childish statement. "Rich people when they want children can't get them, and when they can get them they kill them and don't want them." (The reporter might have put the good man's statement into better form). As long as religion takes the place of science in schools for "the poor" these sort of remarks may go down with many people. If for a text book Haeckel's "Evolution of Man" could be introduced to advanced classes in public school, parsons would have to talk commonsense to public gatherings, and not the sort of stuff that is worthy to be classed with the ignorance of the middle ages. The Church ever quoting some thing that its founder probably never said—"the poor ye have among you always" does an amazing amount of mischief even in these enlightened days. If there were loyalty in the ranks of Socialists throughout the world—no blacklegs or scabs to pull down bricks that their nobler comrades are ever striving to raise against the capitalist and the Church—then the alleged saying of the founder of Christianity would have no application. Even if that saying was ever uttered it was not meant to apply to the 20th Century. For Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples were fully convinced that the destruction of the physical was at hand and they all expected to be still "in the flesh" when that great catastrophe happened.

The value of labor-power is determined by the necessities of life habitually required by the average laborer. —Marx.

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Every permanent improvement of the soil, every railway and road, every bettering of the general condition of society, every facility given for production, every stimulus applied to consumption, raises rent. The landowner sleeps, but thrives.
—PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS.

Ominous Imperialism.

BY W. R. W.

LONDON is just now the centre of attraction. The coronation has been the principal draw, and to this functional relic of barbarism the idlers and the men of affairs have rushed from every part of the world.

Andrew Fisher, and a band of politicians from Australia; Joseph Ward, and friends from New Zealand; Wilfred Laurier and party, from Canada; Louis Botha, and a contingent from South Africa; and princes, potentates, and plenipotentiaries, with armies of flunkies and retainers, from every other place under the sun, have rushed to Bul'land to view the coronation festivities.

As an excuse for the man in office to divest himself of his cares and duties and hurry to London, there has been an additional function organised by Imperialists—the Imperial Conference.

The Imperial Conference was not organised to draw men from the ends of the earth to discuss any great question, such as the miserable and dangerous condition of the masses of the people, who are starving in a country transcendently rich, in spite of the immense expenditure of money on the royal family, the aristocracy, and the bishops. Nor were they invited to discuss the better organisation of industry, which does not seem to do very well under the careful guidance of as fine a band of brigands as ever preyed upon any community.

They were not called together to discuss any such matters, and those who expected that important or wonderful things would result from their deliberations were doomed to disappointment, unless they were very easily satisfied with the assertions of the capitalist press that the outcome was of "great importance."

The condition of Great Britain, and all parts of the British Empire, is such that a conference of delegates, who really meant business, could be made of incalculable benefit, not only to the empire, but to the whole world. But such delegates do not exist, nor is such a conference possible in a country governed by a class which

goes blindly on its way to extinction, stealing from the useful class, to lavish on a brood of parasites, the wealth of the community.

The delegates to the Imperial Conference were men who have no real desire to uplift humanity. They are "on the make," and are quite content to keep things as they are. They are men who represent the interests and dominance of British Capitalism, and as such they could never be brought together to discuss anything which really matters much to the people of the empire. The real attraction in London to such men is the coronation, but, of course, if a conference had to be held, they didn't mind discussing the "Declaration of London," and the "Problem of Imperial Defence." There may never be another great war, so it is safe to make preparation for it, but the great class war, which is always going on, and which destroys hundreds of thousands annually, that is a certainty, and needed no consideration.

The "Declaration of London" deals with piracy and prize money during war time, and the Imperial delegates were men who are deeply interested in all forms of piracy. Their shipping interests are large and worthy of their careful consideration, and they could have gone on for weeks and months, if time permitted, discussing such a matter.

The problem of "Imperial Defence" is another vital matter to them, for if the overseas delegates could only be so impressed that they would go back to their dominions and preach an imperial scheme of armaments, a great deal would be gained. With the assistance of the overseas dominions the British Capitalists could in time overawe the Capitalists of any other nation, and also their own workers.

Imperialists assert that they desire such a combination of British interests only to preserve the peace of the world, but such a combination, instead of helping the cause of peace, would seriously menace it.

The Capitalists of Britain have shown in the past that they cannot be trusted with such immense naval and military powers as an alliance with the overseas dominions would give them. India and South Africa, not to go further, are enough to show what they would do if they had the power.

Having but one object in life—the accumulation of wealth—they regard the earth as a globe specially created for their exploitation and aggrandisement, and if the dominions put increased powers into their hands it could only act as a stimulus to their arrogant greed.

Greed, such as theirs, has ravaged the world from pole to pole; from the rising sun to the setting sun; from "Greenland's icy mountains" to India's coral strand; and it has turned beautiful Edens of palms and flowers into slaughter-houses where humanity has been slaughtered. It has turned the green sward red with blood, and darkened the heavens with smoke from the flames of war. It has taught nation to hate nation; races to libel and slander each other; and mankind to darken history with crimes that the future will shrink from believing.

The British Capitalists have been born and bred in greed, and they have not outgrown the lust for blood, and power, and wealth, and we overseas peoples must do nothing to keep that lust alive.

The overseas dominions are not bound to Britain by any political bond. They are geographically, politically, and socially separated from her. The only tie is one of sentiment and kinship. With Ireland and India it is different, and we may be thankful that in the past the Capitalist rulers of Britain made the mistake of supposing that this country and New Zealand would never be of much value, and so parted with the rulership of them.

Were we ruled now as India and Ireland are, we probably would not be so patient when listening to imperialist orators on Empire Day.

The British Capitalists want new markets, and increased power to hold their old ones, if the British system of production is to continue. The British workman is now being used to produce not only his own necessities in the way of clothing and other things, but a large surplus over and above to be sold by his Capitalistic master for his own especial profit. In this way, the workman is robbed of the produce of his labor, of his rightful leisure, and his right to work.

It is to bolster up this scheme that we are asked to ally ourselves with Britain. This is the thing that Joseph Ward would rush New Zealand into, and which Mr. Fisher daren't consent to make Australia a party to.

We are politically going in a direction contrary to the wishes of Imperialists, but if we could be lured into a naval and military alliance with Britain, the Capitalist class would speedily turn us in the direction they wish us to go. They would be masters of the situation here, as they are in Britain, and we could bid adieu to democracy or Socialism, and bow our necks to the slavers' yoke.

In social progress and human advancement, Britain is one of the most belated and backward countries on earth. The crown, the aristocracy, the bishops, and the capitalists rule and exploit the people in a merciless manner, so that 12 millions are constantly on the brink of want.

In that very city of London, where that Imperial Conference sat and wasted time, where was such a coronation pageant as only one of the wealthiest countries on earth could organise, men, women, and children are steeped to the lips in poverty and die like flies. The city reeks with poverty. It is honey-combed with slums and dens, and hundreds of thousands of its inhabitants have been degraded to a lower level than that of the Terra del Fuego or the Papuan savage.

The masses of London and other cities have been stupefied with misery and rendered hopeless by their environment; and the capitalistic ruling class sees to it that they are kept down and given no chance to become more human.

With such plastic stuff the dominant class is safe for a few years, and it thinks it can prolong its rule and dominate the foreign policy of the nation for many generations to come. If only the overseas dominions could be brought to the same level, they would be in a much safer position still.

By talking of Patriotism, Loyalty, and the Empire, and by throwing ignorant gibes at foreigners, the masses of Britain can be inflamed into fits of jingoistic delirium, in which they listen to and repeat the most ignorant and contemptuous gibes against foreigners. When to this is added the appeal of blood-bards and music-hall warrior patriots, they are driven mad with passion, and yell for war with the capitalists.

Under such influences, the raucous coterie and consumptive clerk, the effeminate curate and the unromantic farm-laborer, are filled with an insane belief that a Britisher is equal to any ten foreigners, and they fight loudly with their tongues, and wade in imaginary human gore, and wave their hats, and hurrah for the empire and the flag.

The Capitalist knows this sort of thing is highly infectious, and he acts accordingly. The patriots are caught young, and are told as often as possible that "Britons never, never shall be slaves," as long as the empire lasts, and they come to believe it in after life. The seed sown in youth can never be entirely uprooted. There will always remain one weak spot in the mind—one corner which

is numb and incapable of resisting infection.

And so the British workman is led from his youth up to believe that his 18s a week, and his wife and family, depend upon the empire remaining intact and safe from the attacks of the starving red-eyed foreigner, who is always waiting a favorable opportunity to invade his country and annex his job.

Joseph Ward set a trap for Australia and Canada at the Imperial Conference, and Andrew Fisher went perilously near to walking into it. The New Zealand premier was only the tool of the British Capitalists, who thought that if they themselves set the snare in "sight of the bird," no capture would result. As it was, Mr. Fisher went so far as to say that Australia wants to be consulted before Britain does anything in the direction of involving her in war, which is going a long way towards saying that she ought to have a voice in an Imperial Conference such as that proposed by Mr. Ward.

With Mr. Fisher's statement of the views of Australia, the capitalistic representatives of Britain were well satisfied. It was a step gained, and in view of the fact that next year Mr. Fisher may be replaced by Mr. Deakin, the final consummation of their desires is assured. Mr. Deakin holds similar views to Joseph Ward, and when these two representatives of the Capitalist class get to an Imperial Conference together, the enslavement of Australia and New Zealand will be completed.

In anticipation of such a calamity Socialists and lovers of peace must be moving. "Peace and death to militarism" must be our watchword, and international industrial fraternity must be cultivated by every means it is possible to use.

Closer political union with Britain would not make for peace, but for war.

An Australian army and navy controlled by the Capitalists of Britain would be a standing danger to Australia and the peace of the world.

As soon as the Capitalists of Britain are commercially defeated in the markets of the world, they will seek a cause for quarrel with their opponents, and seek to use the army and navy of Australia to help to exterminate them.

The foreign Capitalists will naturally resist, and both sides will incite the workers to destroy each other. This is the great aberration of Imperialists, whether of German, British, or other nationality, and this is the danger which Australian workmen, in common with the workmen of the world over, are confronted with.

While international capitalists are ready to war against each other for markets, they are in perfect agreement against their common enemy—the working man. As a class they are internationally combined, with the same instincts, and relying on the same methods—police and military—to keep the working class in subjection.

The workers should also be internationally agreed that as a class their interests are identical; that their true enemies are the exploiters of all countries, who are the real dangerous class, inciting to war and plunder.

Despite the difference in geographical boundaries, flags, and the frothy vaporings of empire orators, the workers must see that under every flag, in every empire and country, they suffer from one cause—the insatiable greed of the exploiters. They suffer the same injustices and wrongs, and have the same work to do in freeing themselves from the power of the capitalists. This is their true objective.

Imperialism and international working-class solidarity are mutually destructive. They cannot live together. Imperialism is insanity, war, and everything that is destructive of peace; the other is sanity, industrial federation, and everlasting peace.

Sabbatarianism: The Thrall of Custom.

BY NO. 13.

EVERYTHING but truth is comparative. If we say an artist is clever we mean that he is clever as compared with other artists, and we mean the same thing when we speak of a man as "an able Statesman." Mr. Asquith is Premier of England or rather of Britain, because there are no Palmertons, or Beaconsfields, or Gladstones, or Pitts or Peels in the party to which he belongs. If Oliver Cromwell had had to deal with a king like Frederick the Great he would never have been Lord Protector. He would have been hanged before he had had time to get that far. And in our little local Parliament the Flowers and Holmans and Beebys are kings because they have met men with less brains. In Acting Chief Secretary Flowers, who graduated from a Wesleyan debating society, we have a triton among minnows, the one-eyed man in the land of the blind, a mediocrity in the midst of incompetence. Naturally enough, this protege of wowerism is much concerned about the sanctity of the Sabbath. He desires, does this tribune of a stone-headed democracy, to carefully safeguard the morals of Demos by a censorship of Sunday picture shows. If Wade had done this thing we should have snuffed disgusted and passed on, but when a "Tribune of Democracy," a "friend of Freedom," becomes a cat-spaw of wowerism, and concerns himself with the "morals of the people"—well, the feeling of the people: "Ho, steward, the bucket!"

Let us put on one side all preconceived notions and every shadow of bias and show how foolish this interference with the Sabbath recreations of the people seems. In the first place, what is Sunday any more than Monday or Tuesday or any other day of the week? A week is itself a mere arbitrary division of time. The world, the atmosphere, the universe, knows of no such division as a week. The fact that there has been a leap year every four years, bar one-fourth year, in a century shows that even the yearly division of time is not a natural division, and if the year is not a natural period how can the fifty-second part of a year be a natural period? But suppose Sunday has some special significance, suppose that there are existent absolute proofs that it was set apart for divine worship—what then? Are men to be driven into Christianity by fining them for exhibiting certain pictures on that day?

Outside of this what is the justification for "preserving the sanctity of the Sabbath"? Why should it be considered unlawful or immoral to view a certain kind of picture on Sunday and not on Monday? A crime is a crime whenever committed; it is not determined by the day on which it is done. But with Mr. Flowers and his Sabbatarian friends it is the day, and not the deed, that counts. Hence the attempts being made to render the Sunday shows unattractive. It is designed to increase Church attendance. That is the purpose and the object of all legislation for the preservation and observance of the Sabbath. Mr. Flowers, Chief Secretary in a "Labor Government," is actively co-operating with the clerical enemies of civic liberty to establish a Puritan Sunday in this State. In England they have a Puritan Sunday, and there is more drunkenness on that day than on any other day. A Sabbatical observance of Sunday would weigh most heavily upon the poor, not upon the rich. The rich man can travel what day he pleases; the workingman can only take his rare excursion on Sunday. We all need, the workers especially, a pause in the busy routine of every week. No divine command or sanction is necessary to make us feel this need. It is written on every muscle

and sinew in man's frame, and on every fibre of his heart. But the State has no moral right to compel its citizen to observe this rest on one particular day; nor has it the right under any plea or pretence to enforce its observance in any particular way. The Pharisaic sophistries of politicians more concerned with the salvation of their petty interests than they are with the salvation of the workers they hypocritically pretend to represent, should not weigh with us. Whenever I see a politician—especially one of the Labor kind—cultivating the customary Sabbatical sulks, and trying to look decently morose on his way to church, I usually detect a sly wink underneath. With some of this class church attendance is popular—

At church on Sunday to attend,
Will serve to keep the world your friend.

Men and women in this city have told me that they are bored with the services at the churches, yet they go through them regularly because society has so ordained. Somebody sarcastically defined a congregation as "a public assemblage in a spiritual theatre where all the performers are professors but where few of the professors are performers." Some take a pew in church on the same principle that they take a box at the opera—for the sake of standing well with the world. On the whole the working-class are honest, and as they cannot afford a pew, and are not concerned with keeping up the appearance of a piety they do not feel, they stop away and attend the elevating, instructive, and amusing photo-picture shows. Whereat the world of wowerdom feels piously aggrieved and invokes the secular arm through a "Tribune of the People," in a "Labor Government," to assist the clerical enemies of civic liberty in driving Demos into the half-empty churches. Fortunately for Demos this Puritanical revival has received a check; and still more fortunate is it that it has betrayed the whereabouts of another political tool of clericalism in the Labor Cabinet.

An Open Letter.

To the Boys of Australia.

BY ALFRED UNSEN.

It is a diabolical and shocking scheme into which you have been dragged by Fusionists, Liberals and Laborites, the capitalist thieves of this country. From your childhood or you have been trained for this scheme and now your trainers declare you prepared for the slaughter.

With singing and shouting as you pass from drink-house to drink-house the streets of the City are animated by your deliciously joyous conscript armies. You feel pleased. You seem happy. But you do not understand. The consequences are an afterthought, long after.

You proletarians. You dispossessed! Yes, you shall have conferred upon you the duty of protecting the property of others. What matter that you may lose your life in the cause of duty?

In the near future, when the battle is being waged by your fellow-conscripts, not under the blood-stained banner of capitalism, not under the colors of a conscript, but under the flag that waves for the liberty of the workers of the world, you conscripts will be led forth to fight on the wrong side, to march over the corpses of your fellow-workers. Tyrant masters will compel you to go forth and suppress those who rise up against them.

You will be placed upon the battlefield to massacre for God, king and country.

Although you belong to the proletariat the capitalist state has full control over you, it demands your body for its protection.

You are taught to murder, to kill men whom you never have seen, men who may speak a different language. If ordered, you can but obey, and must shoot down father, mother, sisters, or brothers.

In the barracks you are made to believe that you fulfil a noble duty. Gayly bedecked military officers ensure you by their oratory, telling you that you, the soldiers of the nation, are the defenders of right and the country's true and noble citizens. Your brain is weakened, the knowledge of truth is lost.

"Conscripts," you are told that the duty of the army is to defend its country; and in its name you commit the worst of crimes.

Did England use the Transvaal, did America use the Philippines for the defenders of the country?

Did France plunder Madagascar, Tonkin, Algier and Morocco to defend their country?

Is England carrying out predatory schemes in India because she is in danger? No! These things happen because plunder is the game and plunder only.

Why did thousands of human corpses cover the battle-fields of Russia after the war with Japan?

Was it because of an attempt to safeguard their country?

No! Grand-dukes of Russia wanted to keep for themselves the forests of Manchuria.

Conscripts, you are told it is an honor to defend your king—to give your life for the king.

Why? What is the good of kings to you?

In the name of the king you are robbed. Kings are the figureheads of Capitalism, the system that is based on exploitation. In their name you are sent to the battle-field to settle the exploiters' disputes—disputes which bear no relation to you or to your affairs.

And when you have become crippled no king troubles about you. You can starve and you can perish like a dog. You are deserted unless you are taken under the care of the very ones you fight against.

You Conscripts must also fight the internal enemy. You are ordered to uphold law and order.

The laws of the country must be observed. Have you yet to learn that laws in general are such that they only protect the rich, and even if there does happen to be a law that is supposed to protect the poor that one is flouted by the rich. Rulers and manufacturers never trouble about your interests, when you are workers and not soldiers. If you demand the observance of the law, those who govern you when you were conscript soldiers, turn to your fellow-conscripts and order them to either force you into submission or shoot you down.

What is "Order?" To the rich it means peace from the disturbing cry of the hungry as they go in search of a little sunshine and happiness in the form of bread.

Conscripts preserve order.

Do not answer: "We can do other than obey."

Have you no thoughts? Have you no thoughts? Have you no will? Can you not act like men? You alone are responsible; your actions are weak and cowardly if you cringe to such a demand.

Don't you know that your master imbues you with hatred towards your fellows of another nation? Don't you know that this is only done to side-track you from meeting your real enemy—your masters who exploit you?

Conscripts, read this: The writer of this letter witnessed in 1905 a great strike at Longwy (France), on the Luxemburg and German frontier. The soldiers and police of these three different countries stood internationally together protecting the factories of Mr. Wendell, one of whose sons is a general in the German army, and another son an officer in the French army. A short time after the brass workers, through the rapacity of their exploiter, were driven on strike in the same district at Villerupt (France); 1500 German and 1500 French soldiers were sent to protect the factory and massacred the French and German workers, who were merely demanding more bread.

There, one could clearly see the capitalists "sans patrie" (without Fatherland) under a united protection of all patriotic army commanders and soldiers of different countries, who stood as brothers for the defence of the same manufacturers against their striking comrades.

Does this not clearly show how the capitalists governing the army use it for their own special interests, whether the capitalist be of one or many countries it does not matter, the armies of the world are governed and used by the capitalists of the world.

In Spain Spanish workers struck against an American Co. (Rio Tinto) and were shot down by Spanish soldiers. In France French workers have been shot by French soldiers for daring to strike against the callous greed of English capitalists; and, Conscripts, in Australia, at Broken Hill, Australian police and soldiers were brought out to suppress their fellow workers who were on strike against the oppression of foreign shareholders.

Conscripts, take these actions of capitalism to heart. Recognise that as a soldier you are strengthening the forces of the capitalists. Understand that as a worker you do not belong to the capitalist class. If you do not belong to this class why then should you fight for it against the class to which you do belong.

"The workers' army," both within and without the frontiers, must unite with the workers of the world and fight the tyranny of rulers and exploiters that abound in all countries of the world.

Your enemy is not on the other side of the frontier; your enemy is every one who wants to be your ruler, and to use you for exploitation.

Young men, full of vigor and health, you are going to be dragged away from your labor, from your hopes and affections. Think it over and discover the truth. Perhaps one day some of you will travel to other countries. You will meet some there by whom you will be fraternally received. You will learn, like Tom Paine, that "the world is your country and to do good your religion." You will then know your place to be with the men who are thinking, struggling, suffering, working, and revolting against international injustices.

Think truly, and thy thought—
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble deed.

Get subscribers for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Sydney Jottings.

On Saturday evening Slade, Rutherford, and Walsh were the speakers at Newtown Bridge.

Sunday's Domain meeting was a great success.

Riley presided, and Wilson and Rutherford spoke ably.

At the close there was a good collection in aid of the Press Fund.

At Market-street, in the evening Slade, Rutherford, Blumenthal, and Mandeno, did splendid work.

At Goulburn-street Denford, Wilson, and Thornson, put in some telling work to a good crowd.

The literature sales all round were first-class.

All who have watched the growth of the Socialist movement and the spread of Socialist thought throughout Australia will recognise the part played by comrade Holland, and will be delighted to learn that he is now convalescent, and will soon resume his place in the fighting movement of the working class.

The half-yearly meeting of the Party will be held Tuesday night.

Maintenance Fund.

For "The International Socialist."

This week's response has brought the number of comrades who have pledged themselves to pay at the rate of 1s per week for 13 weeks up to 12. This is eminently encouraging, but to accomplish the task we have set ourselves, we must ask another 38 comrades able and determined to see the paper through, and to enrol themselves, and at once. The fight is worth the sacrifice, so do not hesitate.

Rutherford 1s, Mrs. Burns 1s, F.H. 1s, Mrs. H. E. Holland 1s, G. Young 1s, F. Riley 1s, L. Knowles 1s, L. Columbar 1s, L. Aeking 1s, Duffield 1s, W. Layley (Vic.) £1 6s, E. Cummings 2s, L. Askew (Collar-enebri) £1, D. Rodgers 2s, A. Binkins 2s, W. Wheeler 1s, A. Malcolm 5s, A. Larsen 1s, Denker 1s, M. West 2s, J. Woodbury 3s, Slade 1s, I.B. 1s, Dummer 1s, O.W.J. Wegner 1s, Chambers 2s, Baullman 2s, J. Wilson 1s, W. Jay (Byron Bay) £1 1s, Denford 1s, L. Black 1s, Karl Druhmel 1s, I.L.P. 1s. Total for week, £5 10s.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	-	-	8 19 5
A. Anderson	-	-	0 2 0
Collected at Club social	-	-	0 10 4
Collected at Domain meeting	-	-	2 6 8

Total - - - - - 92 18 5

Advanced as Loans.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	-	-	5 0 0

Balance - - - - - 97 18 5

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

General Meeting

Of the International Socialist Club.

THE Half-Yearly General Meeting will be held on July 15, at 8 p.m.

BUSINESS: Election of Officers and adoption of Balance Sheet.

Comrades are requested to pay their dues as only financial members will be allowed to take part in proceedings.

K. G. DRUHMEI, Sec.

Party Premises Fund.

	£	s	d
Previously acknowledged	-	-	6 11 6
Mrs. Wagner	-	-	0 2 0
Donation from Club	-	-	1 17 6

Total £8 11 0

All communications to be addressed to J. R. Wilson, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Propaganda Figures.

Sunday.

Domain, 3. Riley (chair), Walsh, Wilson, Rutherford.
Goulburn-street, 7.30.—Slade, Rutherford, Blumenthal, Mandeno.
Market-street.—Wilson, Riley, Denford.

Saturday.

Newtown Bridge, 7.30.—Walsh, Rutherford, Slade.

How to Do It: Get Subs. for

The International Socialist.

To the Renmark Women's Propaganda League.

BY MANDA LLOYD.

To you women workers of Renmark who are learning how to stand together, I want above all things to say something that will help you to keep on. Beginnings are fairly easy. Everybody who is capable of enthusiasm is stirred at the prospect of doing things. But when it comes to doing them, not once or twice, but every week throughout a whole year or many years, and when after doing them other people spoil or undo the work, then we find that many of those who were most ready at the start became fainthearted, cowardly shirkers. But then also we find, fortunately, that there are noble, courageous, patient people, who just begin again, and keep on beginning again; and it is of such stuff, I hope, your League is made. You mean to make history for Socialism in Renmark. Then the work you have set out to do requires the greatest courage, the greatest tolerance, the greatest good humor, the greatest patience, and the greatest perseverance you can possibly command. You are up against the strongest, the most remorseless, the most corrupting power the world has ever known—the power of gold. There is only one thing on earth that can break that power, and that is the power of the workers, men and women, standing together all over the world. And it is as part of a great organised army of workers that you Renmark women can help to bring nearer the day when justice shall not have to be fought for in courts of law, but will be the acknowledged right of every man and woman. As women workers you can organise and spread the principles of Socialism among all whom you can get to your meetings, or reach by means of literature. You can study for yourselves the conditions of your work, the prices paid you, the cost of living, and apply the same methods to all branches of labor, and so learn how you as workers are being exploited by the capitalists. You can hold meetings, talk to your fellow workers, teach your children. And to do all this and keep it up will test your courage and loyalty to the utmost.

Now as to organising. We know that it is by organising, not only in sections, but all over the world that capitalism possesses the power it does to-day. Two or three rich men together are so powerful that they can bring about a war. Organised workers would be so powerful that they could easily prevent that war. Capitalists protect each other in every country. The workers must do the same before they can overthrow the capitalist. So in your organising work you must cultivate the spirit that you are not working for yourselves alone, for the little section that gathers and packs fruit in Renmark, but you must realise, and make others realise, that you are part of the army of workers all over the world; that the interests of wage slaves in Russia, of wage slaves in Mexico, of wage slaves anywhere, are your interests too, and that you must be prepared to stand by oppressed workers wherever they may be. Now, how has capitalism organised itself? By means of meetings, speakers, books and papers. We Socialists everywhere have got to work in the same way. You women workers in Renmark have begun also on the same lines. Now I would suggest, if something of the kind has not already been done, that, say a dozen of you club together to take 12 copies of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST each week. That would cost you but a penny apiece. Then if each of you saw that during the week the paper was read by two other women, you would at once have a circle of 36 women being educated for Socialism. The editor of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST intends to publish in the paper a series of articles on Socialist propaganda that will be the very thing for you to start on, especially with those who do not know much of economics. So that if you have 36 women reading those articles they will be learning facts that they can use to convince others. Then supposing another dozen of your members spends one shilling a week in buying Socialist booklets and pamphlets, and gets them circulated, you would have still a larger number reading Socialist literature every week. Robert Blatchford's books, which can be had for 6d each, are excellent propaganda. There are also numerous pamphlets to be had, but before you buy any it will be best for you to ask some local Socialist, who has read a good deal, exactly what would be best suited to your present needs, and to the people you want to teach. Now, splendid work can be done by the regular distribution of a paper and books. Each member should be responsible week by week for the same readers, and you should make an effort to get literature to women who cannot come to the meetings. With regard to these meetings—do not let them be run by one or two women. It's most important to remember this. "Bossing" is just the curse of most movements. One or two ambitious and enthusiastic people take the lead and the shy ones are put into the background, where they stay unnoticed, and, naturally enough, lose heart. See that every member of your League does something at the meetings. A good plan is to have a subject week by week, and to encour-

age every woman present to make a short speech or write a short paper about it. For instance, you could discuss an article in the paper one night, what you had read in a pamphlet another night, any desired improvement in your working conditions some other night, how best to bring about some needed reform in your town another night, and so on. But don't let all the talking be done by one or two. That's not the way to keep any League alive. A good plan is to have a different chairwoman for each meeting. This helps anyone who is nervous to get used to facing an audience, to speak standing, and to learn how to introduce a speaker and put motions. Don't forget that all these things are important. You must be thoroughly in earnest about details if you want successful gatherings. Disorderly and badly managed meetings will never do anybody any good, but will do your cause harm. At first, of course, some of you will be shy, and make mistakes, but if you help one another, as I am sure you will, you will soon have well-organised meetings. Try to make them attractive to outsiders, and especially to the girls who are growing up in your homes. We want badly to get the young people interested in Socialism. If you can have music at your gatherings, so much the better. You can encourage your girls to contribute, and bring their friends, and in this way they will hear facts about work, and the injustices the workers suffer, that may lead them to think. As voters, it is absolutely necessary that all women and girls to-day know something about the laws that affect them, and how they may be used by the capitalist against the workers. I suppose most of you women voted at the last election. I wonder how many of you know how powerless your political members are to help you under the capitalist system. In a future article I hope to give you some facts about politics that you can discuss at one of your meetings.

Now I have mentioned a few of the things you as a League may do for a start. The great thing is to have ALL your members doing some little thing each week, and another great thing is to see that no one of you has an axe to grind for herself. The woman who goes into a League to serve some purpose of her own can be of no earthly use to you. Whatever anyone of you does must be for the service of all. Make your meetings as widely known as you can, and let your members take it in turns to advertise the gathering in some effective way—by means of chalked up notices, of slips in shop windows, etc. Never mind if you are smiled at for your earnestness. That won't hurt you, and will soon tire the people who are amused. Keep on, and soon everybody in Renmark will see that you mean business. Remember that you are in touch with us in Sydney, that we shall be glad to hear how you are getting on, and to have reports of your meetings, and of any propaganda work you are doing. I shall write to you again next week, and give you some facts about how, under capitalism, you are being exploited, facts that you can use as arguments for convincing others that we can and must alter the present system by which the many are used and robbed by the few. I hope this message will help you to feel that you can do great things.

Leonard Rogers, miner, was killed in the North Broken Hill mine by a fall of earth.

David McCormack had his leg crushed in the Proprietary mine, Broken Hill.

Jakou Kordeich, a miner, was killed in the Great Boulder mine, Kalgoorlie. Whilst close to the main shaft he slipped and rolled into the shaft, falling over 450 feet.

We are glad to welcome the formation in Adelaide of a branch of the Industrial Workers of the World. The Union will provide a mixed local for members of the working class only, and those who have joined are already busy at propaganda in the streets and in industrial centres. The newly-formed Union has accepted the preamble adopted at the 4th convention of the American I.W.W. of which Vincent St. John is general secretary, and W. D. Haywood and W. E. Trautmann are organisers. Entrance fee is 1s 6d. Subscription 6d a fortnight. Members of the working class in any part of Australia are eligible for membership. Write for further information to D. Mallon, general secretary, I.W.W. Australian Administration, Socialist Hall, Wakefield St., Adelaide, S.A.

I am one of those who believe that an organisation of workmen, to be efficient, to meet the demands of this hour, must be organised upon a revolutionary basis; must have for its definite object not only the betterment of the condition of workmen in the wage system, but the absolute overthrow of wage slavery that the workingman may be emancipated and stand forth clothed with the dignity and all other attributes of true manhood.—EUGENE DEBS.

See that your friends subscribe to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Population and its Restriction Strike in Sugar Industry

BY JAYEM.

And the Lord said—
"Be fruitful and multiply."

This text was quoted recently at a conference of the A.U.A., at Warrnambool, Vic. The speaker voiced the old-fashioned notion that human population ought to proceed at the same rate as the that of the lower animals—it being women's "duty" he said to increase and multiply—or words to that effect.

Like most people quoting haphazard from the Christian's Bible, the speaker forgot that the world was considerably less populated several thousand years ago than at present, and the command, supposing it was ever given, applied to times and conditions vastly different from to-day.

Evolution shows clearly that the higher the scale of living things ascends, the less prolific are the species. Apes and elephants increase more slowly for instance than do rabbits, foxes, and sparrows.

Under existing economic conditions it is inexpedient that the human race should increase at a greater rate than at present. The poverty in Great Britain is due amongst other causes (besides drink and unemployment) to the large families of the working classes.

On a recent emigrant ship arriving in Sydney there were appallingly large families of 6, 8, 10, and 11 children. The capitalist press wrote approvingly of this human shoal arriving here, while in its commercial department advertisements poured in from people already here, wanting employment. "Be fruitful and multiply," oh foolish women, so that the rich may exploit your children for filling their factories, offices, and shops, and increasing the king's armies for the noble purpose of killing other women's sons and husbands.

This rabbit-like doctrine is pernicious for more reasons than space permits of mention. There is one of supreme importance. Why should there be large families, especially among the poor, when child mortality is so great? Consider the thousands of infants who die for want of proper care and feeding, from accidents and disease. Is it not better for parents to have two or three children at most, who may get a reasonable chance of living to maturity—than eight or nine rickety diseased creatures, the majority of whom, in infancy, happily for themselves and the world in general, die off like flies. What chance indeed have the offspring of a mother of many children to become healthy and strong when in so many cases the constitution of the mother is broken down with so much child-bearing? Contrast the children of "well-to-do" people—the offspring of those sensible parents who restrict themselves to the production of two or three. These children get a chance of good health, education, and a prospect of a fairly happy existence. Some time since Emperor William of Germany, "in order to encourage large families," offered to become Godfather to the eighth (?) child in all German families. "Vive l'Empereur!" But his highness did not promise to find good comfortable billets for all his God-children when they grew up. Certainly the boys would get compulsory training for the German army—which of course would be satisfactory for the amiable female lunatics who obeyed the "divine" injunction to "be fruitful and multiply," in the hope that one each of their marital productions would perhaps be privileged to call the Kaiser Godfather—and kill his country's enemies.

What does this "be fruitful and multiply" doctrine mean in the country districts in the Australian bush? A recent report shows that in some country districts in N.S.W. children have to milk cows and help trap rabbits before going to school, and it was deplored that girls were being demoralised by the employment of destroying the rabbits. What a life for the members of a large family. Do the mothers of these children ever reflect on the folly (which is almost criminal) of bringing surplus children into this vale of tears to become drudges and slaves to that noble animal the cow? Race suicide (a felicitous phrase coined by Roosevelt, who has been fortunate in being able to give his large family a good time) is a commendable thing for people who can only make of their large families hewers of wood and drawers of water. Why do not the wives of capitalists "do their duty" and provide the State with population? Society women strike against maternity because it interferes with their social pleasures, and nowadays if Lady Croesus provides an heir for her husband's wealth, she considers she has sacrificed herself sufficiently. She does not ruin her health with an overplus of child bearing. She listens to the clergy and others deploring race suicide, and says "How dreadful." Or she believes those persons who during political campaigns tell her that "those dreadful Socialists, if they get into power, will tear children from their parents and have them trained in barracks at the expense of the State." But any excuse is good enough for Lady Croesus to decline to be fruitful and multiply. She thinks other women, poor people especially, should undertake that painful duty. Anyway there seems something wrong under present conditions about the advice or command given in Genesis.

A Warning to Workers.

The strike for an Eight-Hour Day and other reforms in the Sugar Industry of Queensland still continues despite the efforts of the Unionists to bring about a conference with the employers.

The dispute affects every cane-growing area in Queensland, and many thousands of men, women, and children are feeling the iron heel of Capitalism.

Strenuous efforts are being made by the employers, assisted by the Government Labor Bureau, to man the mills and fields with scab-labor, and workers are warned against accepting any kind of employment whatever in the mills or fields of Queensland.

The Queensland workers have always been above scabbing on each other, a fact which the employers fully recognise, for now they are advertising in the Southern States for men to go scabbing.

They have a poor opinion of southern workers when they offer them scab labor, and also a poor opinion of Queensland workers when they assume that they will stand quietly by and see the scabs from southern States taking their places.

Workers should take this hint and keep away from a place where they can only meet with trouble and be prevented from starting.

All boats and trains are being met, and Queensland is no place just now for would-be scabs. Keep away, and leave the fight to the legitimate combatants, and so help the men to win what other workers elsewhere have got.

Cane-cutting and millering is not much of a game at any time, but when it is degraded into scabbery it is surely not worth having by any self-respecting worker.

There is no excuse for any man to go scabbing, and those who persist deserve no consideration from other straight workers.

Let every worker use his influence to prevent scabs from going to the canefields in Queensland.

Notes from Adelaide.

BY H.S.C.

(Continued from last issue.)

As the conferences were held in Parliament House and were attended by Blundell, Jackson (who was chairman) and McGillveray, M.P.s and the delegates from the Drivers and Wharf-laborers were always in attendance before the U.L.U. representatives arrived and after they left; when one remembers the love of the politicians for such a militant organisation as the U.L.U., it does not require too vivid an imagination to discover where the complications were engineered from. At the conference the growers suggested that Mr. Justice Gordon should act as chairman with a representative from each side to decide the issues in dispute, both sides to agree to abide by his decision. But it was stated in the press on Wednesday afternoon that Mr. Gordon would refuse to act, but apparently some more quiet work was accomplished as it was stated on Wednesday night that Justice Gordon would agree to act if requested to do so. This proposal was sent on to the Renmark men by wire for their acceptance or rejection by the U.L.U. officials without any recommendation, but the Drivers and Wharf-laborers' officials themselves sent a wire to Renmark urging the men to accept. After considering the question the Renmark men decided to accept the offer as they would have to fight the transport unions as well as the masters if they fought on. On Thursday morning a wire was received from Renmark stating that the growers in Adelaide had wired on Wednesday afternoon stating that the unions had accepted Gordon, which was a lie. When Graves' drivers returned to work on Monday six of the men were refused a start. And this is one more black page added to the criminality of sectional unions bossed by scab politicians.

Force is the midwife of every old society pregnant with a new one.—Karl Marx.

We ought to despise traders because for the sake of gain they needs must lie.—Cicero.

As man is the same in all ages, the history of man is one in all ages.—Freeman.

Each generation abandons the ideas of its predecessors like stranded ships.—Emerson.

The sycophant of capital, the political economist.—Marx.

THE WORKER'S MESSAGE TO CAPITALISM.

Out of the pit where you've crushed us, out of the gutter and slum, Pouring from prisons and workhouse, creeping from brothels, we come— Fluttering and gibbering shadows, mocking your Church and State, Shades of abyssal darkness, hounding you down to your fate.

"God made the poor" is your watchword; "Christ clinched the matter," you say; That might be true in Judea, but it doesn't sound true to-day.

Parsons preach "Life hereafter," when poor folk come to their own— We want to live in *this* world, and just leave the future alone.

We suffer this world's torments: we pay the price while here; We women sell our bodies—what price our souls up there?

Why should our sisters flout us? Had we the power to choose

Think you we'd tread this winepress? Think you we'd herd in stews?

Men with the hoe and anvil, maimed and scarred in the fight;

Women with bodies twisted, and eyes that have lost love's light;

Babes who were starved and branded, while they fought for life in the womb;

Miners who crouched and sweated, toiling in living tomb.

Girls whose white flesh was bartered to foul disease or age;

Youths who have spilt their heart's blood your war lust thirst to assuage—

Each with a sob and a wailing, e'er they lay them down to die,

Indict the "system" you stand for, and curse it with stifled cry.

You that have branded our bodies, you that have stunted our brains.

You that enslave our women to pile up blood-stained gains,

You that exploit our children through the power money gives;

You that sneer at our drunkards, and pocket the brewery "divs."

Lo, we who once in ignorance hailed rich men "masters" and "lords";

Now we indict them as spoilers, now we march on in our hordes—

Yield us the land and the factories, steamers, and railways, and mines;

Forego your sweated profits, give us your trusts and combines.

Ours are the brains that shall work them for uses of humankind;

Science now is our handmaid, she has headed the once dumb and blind;

She has whispered of life's beginnings, that the race in its long slow rise,

Shall outgrow exploiter and master, shall cast off priestly lies.

She has taught us to conquer Nature, and make her forces slaves;

Has bade us fling world-wide highways, and chain the ocean waves.

She has traced back through rock and fossil, through slime of river bed,

The history of man's beginnings, the record of ages dead.

Through the stone, and iron, and firestick; through amoeba, ape and man,

She has shown us hope and failure since teeming life began;

But the lesson we, the workers, have spelt through tears and sweat,

Is the tale of upward struggle—the tale you too oft forget.

That all is flux, and "becoming"—that sex and chattel slaves,

Serfs and industrial workers; through the days men dwell in caves;

Through wars and warrior prisoners, through Church and Feudal scorn,

Through hunger, brandings, scourgings, through flesh and spirit torn;

Till the days when industrial slavery says to woman, child, and man:

"Tend the machine or perish; toil and compete all you can!"

Crush out the artist and dreamer, kick in the faces the poor;

Wealth is the only standard, Success is the flattered whore!"

But while you feast, and we starvelings grind the commercial mill,

Think you that evolution, favoring you, stands still?

Think you the souls you trample back to the gutter and slum

Never shall rise to judge you, never shall threatening come?

Armed with the light of Reason, girded with Science sword,

We, who have lived as wage-slaves, flout you as monster and lord!

Room for the countless millions who are out to conquer "bread;"

Who will bring back grace and beauty to a world whose Art is dead;

Who will honor poet and teacher, and Labor's curse destroy,

Who will make THIS world their heaven of leisure, culture, joy—

"Room for the 'Light of Science,' for the Vision which began

When poets, dreamers, craftsmen taught the Brotherhood of Man!"

—DONALD B. MONTGOMERY, in *Maoriland Worker*.

The Degeneration of the Fit.

BY J. BLUMENTHAL.

THE industrial trend of capitalism is responsible for a great many crimes and horrors. One of the most serious of these is the gradual degeneration and extermination of not only single families, but of whole cities! Cities are unnatural. They are a creation of man's hand and like a good many of his other creations, they are only fit to be wiped off the face of the earth. With the gradual progress of industrial development, with its attendant accentuation of crisis, expropriation of middle classes, and increasing numerical strength of the dispossessed proletariat by the hurrying down among those unable to compete and keep pace with industrial capital, we obtain an ever-increasing slum proletariat, which, with its added burden, of the defective nutrition, laxity of morals, insanitary dwellings, etc., soon withers and rots away what was once a virile and hardy farming stock.

I have had occasion before in this paper to point out the terrible danger of modern cities. The subject is so important however that it can bear repetition. There are some well-known scientific writers such as Salesby, Champouillon, Boudin and Gratiot, who affirm that if the continually filling up of the city from the country and other outside sources were stopped, that in three generations our cities would be one vast necropolis.

According to Salesby, two diligent medical men were unable to discover between them more than half-a dozen specimens of the Londoner in all London—that is to say, an inhabitant whose grandparents were born in London.

Champouillon asserts that it is impossible to find a Parisian of the fourth generation. The tale is the same: given conditions where no sane person would expect a flower to grow, or to thrive, we find that disease, vice and death reign supreme. That is the inglorious fate of the proletariat: being unfortunate enough not to be possessed of land, they are driven to the cities to earn their livelihood by selling their physical strength or mental capacity to the highest bidder, and when once they step across the city's threshold, they are doomed.

A scientific writer who contributes regularly to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and who, let me say, understands his subject, had an article some time ago in that paper called "The Problem of Heredity." It is now conclusively acknowledged that science like journalism and law, has prostituted itself to the monetary colossus of modern society—the capitalist class. Consequently we can understand why this writer says:—"Beneficial as the advance of medicine, surgery, hygiene and sanitation is to the individual, it is absolutely certainly undermining the vigor of the race; and there can be little doubt that most of the Socialist theories now in vogue, if put in practice, end in decadence and possibly the extinction of the race. The object of Socialism is to combat selection, and this is merely another name for race-suicide."

This writer conveniently forgets a distinction that completely dislocates his casuistry; and that is the distinction between *artificial* and *unnatural*. His philosophic contention is true that:—"When the disease is such that most individuals are certain to be affected, a high degree of immunity will be reached." But what human being would mentally acquiesce in the unpleasant prospect that his descendants will be rendered immune from the ravages of disease by the wholesale slaughter of himself and his contemporaries; this to be continued for a few generations before resistance to the disease becomes fixed? Rather his more practical turn of mind would demand the eradication of the cause and thereby save the race the foolishness of deliberately murdering themselves for the egoistic gain of a small parasitic class. Our worthy writer is evidently unaware that disease is not a generat habit that nature assumes, to ensure the destruction or preservation of a species. Diseases are the result of artificial environments such as cities. All the worst of modern scourges such as Tuberculosis for instance, directly increase with density of population. Science has no remedy for the "white plague" so it sends its patients to healthy natural surroundings, which is conclusive proof to any but our scientist, that the environment which bred the disease was artificial and therefore unnatural.

Another individual, a Maoriland doctor, makes the same fatal mistake in confusing an effect for the cause. "The Fertility of the Unfit," by W. A. Chapple, contains in its title the repudiation of context matter. How can the fertile be unfit? Chapple is a follower of Malthus and this unhesitatingly puts his book out of court. Malthus and his arithmetical and geometrical ratios, etc., have long been discredited. The above writer however advocates in respect to the criminal class (not the economic robber-class, but the unfortunate poor driven to desperate straits) the limitation of their progeny by surgical means! He is simply bringing forward in a small way an experimental failure on a large scale that was tried in ancient Sparta and other countries, but which only hastened the downfall of those nations. But even if this proposal were possible to put into practice it would not stop the production of criminals, for it only tampers with the effect without eradicating the cause. This is the cause of the failure of well-intentioned reformers: they fail to understand the economic social problems.

It is significant that few scientific writers point out that the rich, the idle, the exploiters, the owning-class, or whatever name the class that lives on the labor of others goes under, is doomed to extinction more surely than the city dweller! An idle life is unnatural, but when to this idle life are added the logical corollary, rich living, viciousness, mental enmity, etc., the decay and extinction of the family line is rapid. J. F. Nisbet, a psychological scientist knew this well when he said:—"When our hereditary legislators accepted the principles of life peerages they signed the death warrant of their order."

The idle are the unfit of society. In our present state of barbaric civilisation the idle are inexorably bound to be exterminated. Under Socialism there will be none to be exterminated. But these doomed to die and disappear are dragging down with them to hereditary extinction, the unfortunate mass of industrial workers who have no choice in the matter. Socialism as the science of social life, will realize, when its class mission has been accomplished, "the greatest good of all," to misquote Jeremy Bentham. It will be a reversal to the happy communal times previous to the "blood red pages of history," when there will be no leaders to lead the people back again into slavery.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth, Good God! we have paid it in full!

A Bricklayer's laborer, J. Hodge, was working at Lichtner's building in Forbes-street, Woolloomooloo, when a door fell on him. He received concussion of the brain, and other injuries.

A young man, Percy Whalley, while working in the big quarry at Portland was severely injured through being struck on the head by a drill.

John Witter, working in the same quarry, had three fingers smashed by a fall of rock.

Another employee, whilst shunting, was crushed between buffers.

A single man, W. Cooper, about 20 years of age, met with a serious accident at the Central mine. Cooper, with a mate, was making for a set of timber at the 300ft. level when a fall of earth took place. The unfortunate man could not escape in time, and had a leg broken, as well as sustaining other injuries of a serious nature.

William O'Toole, a carter, while working at Dawes Point, was injured by a dray-load of ballast falling on him.

G. Williamson, employed at Marcus Clark's, fell down a lift well, and sustained severe injuries.

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READ, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—FRANCIS BACON.

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The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Thursday, 7.—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executive.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

THE REBELS' FLAG.

Since first we raised the Flag of Red,
We've seen its spotless flow;
It's spotless still to heaven spread,
And we will keep it so.

Our cry, "Revolt," from first to last,
Nought shall that object blur;
And ne'er across our Flag be cast
Reform's bar sinister.

Who fears to serve beneath our Flag
May sport the feather white;
For those who falter, those who lag,
But hinder those who fight.

The fool, the weakling, and the spy,
The craven and the knave,
May choose to raise some other cry,
Some other flag to wave.

But, as for us, our Flag is Red,
And Red it shall remain;
The Flag that tyrants hate and dread,
The Flag without a stain!

—W. GRIEBLE, in the *Western Clarion*.

The General Strike.

Extracts from speech at Meeting Held for the Benefit of the Bureaucrat Defender at Progress Assembly Rooms, New York, March 16, 1911.

BY WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

The strike had not been on three days when the government granted every demand of the workers. Previous to this, however, Briand had issued his infamous order making the railroaders soldiers—reservists. The men went back as conscripts; and many scabs were put on the roads to take the places of 3,500 discharged men.

The strike apparently was broken, officially declared off by the workers. It's true that their demands had all been granted, but remember there were 3,500 of their fellow workers discharged. The strikers immediately started a campaign to have the victimised workers re-instated. And their campaign was a part of the general strike. It was what they called the greve perlee, or the "drop strike"—if you can conceive of a strike while everybody is at work; everybody belonging to the union receiving full time, and many of them getting overtime, and the strike in full force and very effective.

This is the way it is worked—and I tell it to you in the hopes that you will spread the good news to your fellow-workers and apply it yourselves whenever occasion demands—namely, by making the capitalist suffer. Now there is one way to do that; that is, to strike him where he carries his heart and soul, his centre of feeling—the pocket-book. And that is what those strikers did. They began at once to make the railroads lose money, to make the government lose money, to make transportation a farce so far as France was concerned.

Before I left that country on my first visit—and it was during that time that the strike was on—there were 50,000 tons of freight piled up at Havre, and a proportionately large amount at every other seaport town. This freight the railroaders could not move. They did not move; and when they did, it was in this way: They would load a trainload of freight for Paris and by some mistake it would be billed through to Lyons, and when the freight was found at Lyons, instead of being sent to the consignee at Paris it was carried straight through the town on to Bayonne or Marseilles or some other place—any place but where it properly belonged. Perishable freight was taken out by the trainload and side-tracked.

The conditions became such that the merchants themselves were compelled to send their agents down into the depots to look up their consignments of freight—and with very little assurance of finding it at all. That this was the systematic work of the railroaders there is no question, because a package addressed to Merle, one of the editors of *La Guerre Sociale*, now occupying a cell in the Prison of the Saint, was marked with an "inscription on the corner," "Saboteurs please note address." This package went post-haste. It worked so well that some of the merchants began using the name *La Guerre Sociale* to have their packages immediately delivered. It was necessary for the managers of the paper threatened to sue them unless they refrained from using the name of the paper for railroad purposes.

Nearly all the workers have been reinstated at the present time on the railroads of France.

That is certainly one splendid example of what the general strike can accomplish for the working-class.

Another is the strike of the railroaders in Italy. The railroaders there are organised in one great industrial union, one card taking into membership the stenographers, train despatchers, freight handlers, train crews. Everyone who works on the railroad is a member of the organisation; not like it is in this country, split up into as

many divisions as they can possibly get them into.

There they are all one. It resulted in the country taking over the railroads. But the government made the mistake of placing politicians in control, giving politicians the management of the railroads. This operated but little better than under private capitalism. The service was inefficient. They could make no money. The rolling stock was rapidly going to wreck. Then the railroad organisations issued this ultimatum to the government, and it now stands: "Turn the railroads over to us. We will operate them and give you the most efficient service to be found on railroads in any country." Would that be a success for the general strike? I rather think so.

Continued.

Socialist Fables.

The Legal Way.

BY W.R.W.

In the early days there was a "rush" to a new mining field in an out-back part of the country, and many different characters assembled there.

Amongst the number was one who did no mining himself, but always seemed to have lots of gold to sell.

Suspicion fell on him, and on being watched, he was stealing gold from other men's claims.

The indignant miners applied a coat of honey and feathers to him, and put him on an ant-hill to amuse the ants.

After a strenuous battle with the ants, he made his escape to a water-hole, pursued by millions of flies, where he soaked himself until he got rid of the honey and feathers.

He reflected long and earnestly on his recent adventure, and came to the conclusion that he had adopted the wrong method in his attempt to live on the rest, and he formed new plans.

Disguising himself as an honest man of means, the ex-gold stealer proceeded to help in the formation of a township, carefully selecting all the best sites for himself, for which he promised to pay in the future.

Most of the other men were mad on mining, and the land-speculator had things his own way, so that when storekeepers, hotel-keepers, and other tradesmen arrived, they found that this man had been before them and they had to negotiate with him for land on which to commence business.

The ex-gold stealer charged the tradesmen fabulous prices and made a heap of money.

His next move was to build a bank into which he put his wealth, and that of others who wanted it kept safely or invested.

Very soon the bank became popular, and the whole community put its money there, some at current account, bearing no interest, and the rest at fixed deposit, bearing 4 per cent.

The banker hired the money out to those who soon found themselves compelled to borrow, and as the number of borrowers grew as fast as the depositors, he did a rattling business, and soon had the people lending him money at from 1 per cent for fixed deposits, to nothing for current accounts, and borrowing it back again at rates varying from 6 per cent upwards.

Prices went up as the ex-gold stealer put the screw on, and everybody commenced to argue about the "cost of living," for the tradespeople had to increase their prices with every turn of the financial screw.

Various reforms were proposed, such as Arbitration, Temperance, Christian Socialism, New Protection, Trades Unionism, National Defence, Increased Payment for Members, and other pet schemes, but the banker only laughed in the faces of the reformers.

After a time, everybody in the district was in difficulties, except the banker and a few friends who had intermarried with his family and who had been let into the small circle of success.

The banker and his friends formed a class apart from the people, and having the tradesmen, the press, the pulpit, the employers, and members of parliament, under control, they effectively opposed any proposal which threatened their interests, while they enthusiastically supported everything which didn't matter to them.

Empire Day, Coronation Day, King's Birthday, Queen's Birthday, Prince of Wales' Birthday, were made public holidays, and kept up with all the glittering enthusiasm possible; while Temperance, Defence, International Trade and Jealousy, with Inter-State Rows, were kept well in front of all political parties.

The Banker now stole the people's gold in a legal way, and the same men who punished him years before for "taking them down" in a plain, blunt way, saw no reason to object. They regarded him as a pillar of the Church and State; a safe leader in financial and political matters; and a vigorous anti-Socialist who stood between them and a revolution of the existing perfect system.

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The Story of a Child of the People

BY MAXIM GORKI.

One evening, tired with work, I lay resting on the ground in the angle of a great stone house; the rays of the setting sun brought out in relief the deep cracks in the stones, and the mud spots on it.

Inside the house, hungry and dirty folk swarmed day and night like rats in a cellar; their bodies were clothed in rags, and their souls were as soiled as were their bodies.

Through the windows of the house there arose the dull monotonous sound of the life that infested it—a sound that crept slowly upwards like the thick smoke from a burning. Plunged in a half sleep, I lay listening to this mournful cadence.

Suddenly, quite close to me, a delicate soft voice came from out of a heap of old barrels and empty cases:

Hush-a-bye baby,
Baby must sleep.

I had never before heard the mothers who inhabited that house rock their sleepy children so tenderly. I rose quietly, and peeped behind the barrels.

A little girl child was seated on an empty case. Her fair curly head was bent forward as she noiselessly swayed her body, and sang with a preoccupied air:

Hush a bye baby on the tree
Mother shall buy thee.

In her dirty little hands she held a wooden spoon, carefully wrapped up in a red rag, and she contemplated this affectionately with her large sad eyes. Her eyes were remarkable—fine, clear, and tender; but, for a child, they were extraordinarily sad. Their expression struck me so forcibly that I hardly noticed how soiled were her face and hands.

Above the head of the little girl, shouts, abuse, the laugh of the drunkard, and sobs floated through the air like a hovering cloud of soot and ashes; everything around her on the muddy ground was broken or mutilated; and the rays of the setting sun, as they flooded with crimson the shattered cases, gave the lugubrious effect of the remnants of a huge organism, destroyed by the pitiless hand of poverty.

I made an involuntary movement; the child started, saw me, and her eyes full of suspicion, grew narrowed, while a shudder passed through her, like that of a little mouse who sees a cat. I smiled as I watched her timid, sad, dirty face. She pressed her lips together, and her delicate eyebrows trembled; then she rose, and shook her torn dress with a business-like air, put her doll into her pocket, and in a clear vibrating voice asked me:

"What are you looking at?"

She must have been eleven years old; she was thin and puny. She stared hard at me, and her eyebrows still trembled.

"Well, what do you want?" (After a moment's silence).

"Nothing. Go on playing. I am going away now," I replied.

Then she came towards me, her face changed and hardened; and with an expression of repugnance, she chanted in her loud clear voice:

"Come with me; you will give me fifteen kopecks."

I did not understand at first, but I remember that I shuddered with the presentiment of something horrible.

She came nearer to me, pressed her body against mine, and, without looking at me, continued to speak in a monotonous dead voice:

"Come along. I don't want to have to go into the road to look for a man. Besides, I can't go outside. My mother's lover has sold my dress to buy brandy. Come along."

Gently, but without speaking, I repulsed her. She looked at me suspiciously as if failing to understand, and her lips moved convulsively. At last she raised her hand, and looking with her clear sad eyes straight before, she said in a low-pitched weary voice:

"Don't put on airs. . . . You think perhaps . . . because I am small . . . I shall cry out. . . . Don't be afraid. . . . At first, it's true. . . . I used to cry. . . . But now—"

And, without finishing the sentence, she spat on the ground with a gesture of superb indifference.

I walked away, carrying in my heart a feeling of unspeakable horror, and the stab of the clear, wide open eyes of the child.

General Meeting

Of the International Socialist Club.

THE Half-Yearly General Meeting will be held on July 13, at 8 p.m.

BUSINESS:—Election of Officers and adoption of Balance Sheet.

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K. G. DRUMMEL, Sec.

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